

DELL

AUG. - SEPT.
10¢

Rin Tin Tin and Rusty



Cinderella has a Ball

(1957 Version)

Once upon a time a cool kid named Cindy



lived with her dad

and stepmom and



two "square" stepsisters. The stepsisters ha

cuter clothes, newer records, and bigger allowances than Cindy. One day they

gave a fancy party in their new rec room. But they wouldn't let Cindy come



So Cindy had a ball herself. She took 7-Up and hot dogs and a

portable radio out in the back yard—and guess what?



the kids came to her party! They drank 7-Up and played games—drank 7-Up

and danced—drank 7-Up and ate hot dogs.



And all afternoon they

said things like "Man, dig the fresh taste in this crazy green bottle!"

and "Boy, this Cindy chick is the smartest!" And Cindy's been the

most popular kid in her class ever since!

com.
hold
CRA
pices



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by The Seven-Up Company



MORAL: Have 7-Up at your parties,
and the kids will have a good time
and think you're "the smartest", too!
For a fresh, clean taste...

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



RIN TIN TIN

THE REBEL

YARK!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
WHO'S FIGHTING?



SERGEANT O'HARA!
PRIVATE DONAHUE!
STOP IT!



R.T.T. #20-578

BREAK 'EM UP! RINTY!
BREAK 'EM UP!

GROWF!



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both
your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



AND YOU, DONAHUE! EVEN IF YOU ARE ONLY A RAW RECRUIT! YOU KNOW THE REGULATIONS ABOUT FIGHTING WITH A SUPERIOR!

YES, SIR!

I'M CONFINING BOTH OF YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! IS THAT CLEAR?

LATER...

GEE, RIP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE FIGHTING ABOUT! WE GOT THERE TOO LATE TO TELL!

NEVER MIND, RUSTY! I THINK I KNOW!

O'HARA'S BEEN RIDING THAT KID PRETTY HARD LATELY... TRYING TO MAKE A SOLDIER OUT OF HIM!

YOU SEE... DONAHUE IS ONE OF THOSE TOUGH, SPIRITED BOYS WHO CAN TURN OUT EITHER VERY GOOD OR VERY BAD!

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD FOR A BOY LIKE THAT IS DISCIPLINE! BUT DONAHUE DOESN'T FIND IT EASY TO TAKE!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT, BOY! SOMEDAY HE'S GOING TO MAKE A FINE SOLDIER! DON'T YOU THINK SO, RIP?

THAT AFTERNOON...

COME ON, RINTY! LET'S HAVE A TALK WITH DAVEY! MAYBE WE CAN CONVINCE HIM THINGS WOULD GO A LOT EASIER FOR HIM IF HE'D ONLY LEARN TO TAKE ORDERS!

WUF!

RINTY! HE'S NOT THERE!
HE'S **GONE!** LET'S
SEE IF WE CAN
PICK UP HIS
TRAIL!

SOON, THEY NEAR TOWN...

ATTABOY, RINTY! DON'T LOSE THE TRAIL
NOW, OR WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM!

HERE'S HIS HORSE,
TIED OUT IN PLAIN SIGHT!
HE COULDN'T BE
RUNNING AWAY!

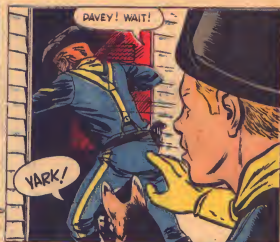
SUDDENLY...

RINTY! LOOK!

HEY!

AND STAY OUT! YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT A TROUBLEMAKER!

CAFE



WHY, YOU YOUNG PUNK...

RINTY! GET HIM!



YARK!

CRASH!



GRRROWFF!

HELP!



YOU TWO STAY WHERE YOU ARE!



OKAY, RUSTY! THANKS FOR THE HELP! NOW CALL RINTY AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I **REALLY** LOSE MY TEMPER!

COME ON, RINTY! THAT'S ENOUGH! COME ON, BOY!

GRRRRR!





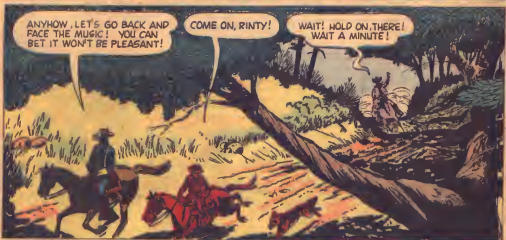
GEE, DAVEY!
YOU'RE IN FOR A
LOT OF TROUBLE
WHEN WE GET
BACK TO THE FORT!
WHAT DID YOU EVER
LEAVE FOR, ANYWAY?

I DON'T KNOW,
RUSTY! I
JUST GOT
SORE ...
AND LEFT!



BUT YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!
YOU CAN'T DO JUST WHAT YOU
WANT TO DO! YOU HAVE TO
LEARN TO TAKE ORDERS
SOMETIME!

I GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT!



ANYHOW, LET'S GO BACK AND
FACE THE MUSIC! YOU CAN
BET IT WON'T BE PLEASANT!

COME ON, RINTY!

WAIT! HOLD ON, THERE!
WAIT A MINUTE!



WELL, WHAT
DO YOU WANT?

NOW TAKE IT EASY! DON'T
GET PECKY WITH ME! I'VE
GOT A PROPOSITION
FOR YOU!



I LIKED THE WAY YOU
HANDLED YOURSELF BACK
IN THAT CAFÉ! YOU'RE
VERY GOOD! I COULD
USE A FOREMAN
LIKE YOU!

YOU'RE WASTING
YOUR TIME, MISTER!
I'VE GOT A JOB ...
OR HADN'T YOU
NOTICED?



TWO WEEKS LATER...

I TELL YOU RUSTY, I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! I'M FED UP WITH THIS JAIL... AND WITH THE ARMY!

BUT, DAVEY!

YOU'RE JUST BEING PUNISHED BECAUSE YOU DID WRONG! YOU ADMITTED THAT AT THE TRIAL!

JAIL I KNOW IT!

BUT, RUSTY! I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS KIND OF LIFE! I *HATE* TAKING ORDERS! I'D RATHER HAVE A JOB WHERE I COULD *GIVE* 'EM FOR A CHANGE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY DAVEY... EXCEPT THAT THE ARMY'S NOT SO BAD!

AT LEAST, WE LIKE IT! DON'T WE, RINTY?

WUF!

YEAH! WELL THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE! JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!

FINALLY, ON THE NIGHT WHEN DAVEY IS RELEASED FROM THE GUARD HOUSE...

YES, SIR, BOY! IT'S GOOD-BY ARMY FOR OLD DAVE DONAHUE! I KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

YNNNH! YNNNH!

I'LL GO SO FAR FROM HERE, THEY'LL ...
HEY, RINTY!

D. DONAHUE

I JUST PACKED THAT STUFF!
WHAT ARE YOU UNPACKING
IT FOR?

WUF!

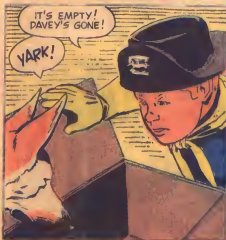
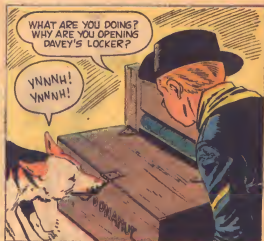
I HATE TO DO THIS TO YOU, BUT I CAN'T
HAVE YOU GIVING ME AWAY! COME ON,
RINTY, INSIDE!

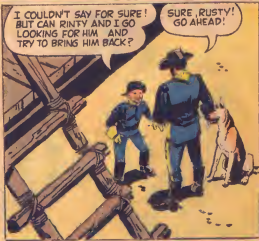
YNNNNH!
YNNNNH!

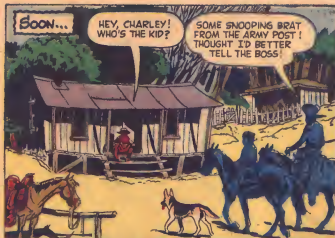
SOON...

...AND SHORTLY...

DAVEY! RINTY! WHERE
IS EVERYBODY?







LISTEN, YOU! WHEN BRENNAN HIRED ME LAST NIGHT, WHO DID HE SAY WOULD BE IN CHARGE HERE WHEN HE WASN'T AROUND?

WHY, YOU, DONAHUE! YOU'RE THE BOSS!



THEN SHUT UP AND GET OUT OF HERE! AND DON'T LET ME HEAR ANY MORE TALK OF HURTING EITHER THE KID OR HIS DOG!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT BRENNAN ISN'T GOING TO LIKE IT!



THERE! YOU SEE? AROUND HERE THEY DO WHAT I SAY! I *GIVE* THE ORDERS NOW!

DAVEY... LISTEN! YOU'RE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE!



YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK TO THE FORT WITH US! RIP SAYS THEY'LL GO EASY ON YOU IF YOU DO!



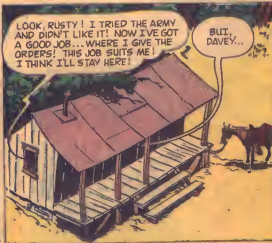
AND IF I DON'T?

THEY'LL CHARGE YOU WITH *DESERTION*... AND YOU KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS!



LOOK, RUSTY! I TRIED THE ARMY AND DIDN'T LIKE IT! NOW I'VE GOT A GOOD JOB... WHERE I GIVE THE ORDERS! THIS JOB SUITS ME! I THINK I'LL STAY HERE!

BUT, DAVEY...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AFTER RINTY AND RUSTY RETURN TO THE FORT...

I'M SORRY, RUSTY... BUT YOU KNOW ARMY REGULATIONS! WE **HAVE** TO GO AND GET HIM!

YES, SIR! I KNOW!

WELL, DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME! YOU EITHER, RINTY! I LIKE DONAHUE TOO, YOU KNOW!

YNNNNH!



Soon...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH RUSTY AND RINTY?

THEY'RE UPSET BECAUSE DONAHUE WOULDN'T GIVE HIMSELF UP, AND NOW WE HAVE TO GO AFTER HIM!



BUT WHEN THE DETACHMENT REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE RANCH...

DONAHUE! GET THE MEN! THERE'S A WHOLE SQUAD OF CAVALRY COMING UP THE OLD TOWN ROAD!

CAVALRY? COMING HERE?



WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! COME ON! IF WE HURRY WE CAN **AMBUSH** THEM IN THOSE ROCKS!

NO! WAIT!



I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ANYONE STARTING A GUNFIGHT ON *MY* ACCOUNT! IT'S *ME* THE ARMY'S AFTER!

YOU? DON'T BE STUPID, DONAHUE! WHO CARES ABOUT YOU?



BY NOW THOSE SOLDIERS WILL HAVE SEEN THAT *STOLEN STOCK* WE *RUSTLED* FROM THE INDIANS! UNLESS WE MAKE A FIGHT FOR IT, WE'LL ALL GO TO JAIL!



NOW WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT *STOLEN STOCK*? BRENNAN DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME ABOUT RUSTLING WHEN I TOOK THIS JOB!

DIDN'T HE? I GUESS HE FORGOT!



BUT YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS ANY OF THE REST OF US NOW! SO, COME ON!

CHARLEY! STOP!



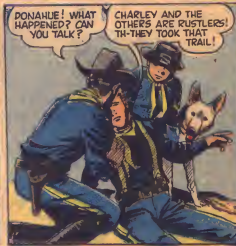
GET OFF THAT HORSE! I ORDER YOU! I WON'T LET YOU FIGHT THE SOLDIERS!

OH, YEAH?

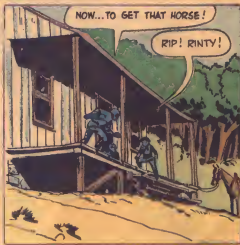


WELL, THAT'S THE LAST ORDER YOU GIVE... *BIG SHOT!*







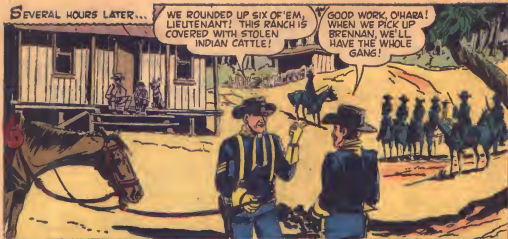




SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WE ROUNDED UP SIX OF 'EM, LIEUTENANT! THIS RANCH IS COVERED WITH STOLEN INDIAN CATTLE!

GOOD WORK, O'HARA! WHEN WE PICK UP BRENNAN, WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE GANG!



HOW ARE YOU FEELING NOW, DONAHUE? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TRAVEL?

YES, SIR! BUT YOU KNOW... THAT COT IN THE GUARDHOUSE IS GOING TO FEEL MIGHTY COMFORTABLE!



I HAVEN'T THANKED YOU YET FOR TRYING TO KEEP CHARLEY FROM AMBUSHING US!

HECK, LIEUTENANT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME! IF I HADN'T FOULED UP, YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE HAD TO COME OUT HERE!



YOU KNOW, RUSTY, I THINK YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT DONAHUE! HE MIGHT MAKE A PRETTY GOOD SOLDIER AFTER ALL!

YES, SIR!

WUF!

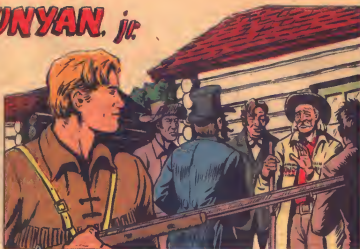


WELL, I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING! I FOUND OUT A MAN HAS TO LEARN HOW TO TAKE ORDERS BEFORE HE CAN START GIVING THEM!



PAUL BUNYAN, jr.

WONDERFUL TALES OF THE FAR WEST HAVE REACHED PAUL BUNYAN, JR. HIS FAMILIAR NORTH WOODS SUDDENLY SEEM DULL TO HIM. HE EMBARKS ON HIS GREAT ADVENTURE AND, BY KEELBOAT, REACHES ST. LOUIS, JUMPING-OFF PLACE FOR TRAVELERS TO THE WEST. THE JUMBLE OF CRUDE BUILDINGS SEEMS LIKE A METROPOLIS TO THE YOUNG HUNTER.



GAUDILY-DRESSED FIGURE ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION—
"PAIUTE" SMITH, OLD TIME MOUNTAIN MAN, RECENTLY RETURNED
FROM TRAPPING IN THE ROCKIES.

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PAIUTE IS BRAGGING TO TOWNSMEN OF HIS EXPLOITS. AS SOON AS HE FINDS A SUITABLE PARTNER, HE WILL START ACROSS THE PRAIRIE AGAIN.



EAGERLY, PAUL OFFERS TO JOIN HIM.
THE OLD MAN SMILES... "NO, SON, CAN'T TAKE NO GREENHORNS! I'D HAFTA TEACH YA TO SHOOT, TRAP, AN' TAKE CARE O' YOURSELF. BET YOU DON'T EVEN OWN A HORSE!"



HE BREAKS OFF AS A BIG TRAPPER APPROACHES, LEADING AN ODDLY-MARKED HORSE. THE TRAPPER, "SNAKE" CARLSON, OLD ENEMY OF PAIUTE, BAWLS TO THE CROWD, "COME ONE, COME ALL! BIG SHOOTING MATCH! ONLY FIVE DOLLARS! WINNER TAKES THIS APPALOOSA BUFFALO-PONY, STRAIGHT FROM THE COMANCHE COUNTRY!"



PAUL DIGS INTO HIS POUCH FOR MONEY. "I'M GOING TO TRY..." THE MOUNTAIN MAN INTERRUPTS, "SAVE YOUR MONEY! THAT'S A TRAP FOR GREENHORNS! SNAKE CARLSON CAN OUTSHOOT THE BEST... HE'LL KEEP THE MONEY AND THE HORSE!"



PAUL ANSWERS, "I'LL STILL TRY IT. IT'S MY CHANCE TO GET A HORSE." THE BIG TRAPPER GRINS DERISIVELY AT PAUL. "DON'T LISTEN TO THE OLD ROOSTER, KID! HE COULDN'T HIT HIS HAT IF YA HUNG IT ON HIS GUN MUZZLE!"



PAULTE SAYS, ANGRILY, "DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YA! LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF JUNK YA USE FOR A RIFLE... MIGHT HAVE TO LOAN YA MINE!"



THE MOUNTAIN MAN WHISTLES IN ADMIRATION. "A HAWKEN RIFLE! THAT SHINES! A GOOD MAN COULD SHOOT THE FUZZ OFF'N A PEACH, AN' NOT BRUISE THE SKIN, WITH THIS IRON!"

THE OLD MAN CONTINUES, "YOU CAN KISS YOUR MONEY GOOD-BYE! CARLSON'S PULLED THIS GAME LOTS OF TIMES. YOU GOTTA HIT A JUG SWINGIN' FROM A ROPE AT 50 YARDS. 'TAKIN' TURNS, YOU KEEP SHOOTIN' AS LONG AS ANY PIECE OF IT IS STILL HANGIN'! MAN THAT KNOCKS DOWN THE LAST PIECE IS S'POSED TO WIN."



"NOBODY EVER EVEN HITS THE JUG, 'CEPT CARLSON. NOBODY WIN'S THE HORSE, 'CAUSE THEY CAN'T HIT ANY LITTLE PIECE LEFT HANGIN', AN' CARLSON GETS THE ENTRY MONEY, TOO!"



THE SHOOTING ORDER DETERMINED BY DRAWING STRAWS, THE FIRST RIFLEMAN STEPS TO THE MARK. THE JUG IS SET SWINGING.





CONTESTANT AFTER CONTESTANT FIRES... BUT THE DISTANCE AND THE SWINGING TARGET PROVE TOO DIFFICULT. THE JUG REMAINS UNTOUCHED.



THEN SNAKE CARLSON, SUPREMELY CONFIDENT, STEPS UP TO TAKE HIS TURN, CONTEMPTUOUS OF THE UNKNOWN YOUNG WOODSMAN NEXT IN LINE.



CARLSON'S BIG HANDS HOLD STEADY. AS THE TARGET SWINGS INTO LINE WITH THE SIGHTS, THE HEAVY RIFLE ROARS AND KICKS UPWARD.



PERFECTLY TIMED, CARLSON'S CAREFUL SHOT BLASTS THE JUG APART! ONLY THE HANDLE REMAINS, DANCING AT THE END OF THE ROPE.



BEFORE THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED, WHILE THE JUG HANDLE STILL SWINGS, PAUL, IN ONE SMOOTH MOTION, SWINGS UP HIS RIFLE, SIGHTS AND FIRES. AT THE BLAST OF HIS SHOT...



...THE JUG HANDLE SHATTERS INTO SPLINTERS. THE ROPE IS EMPTY. THERE IS NO MORE TARGET! PAUL HAS WON THE CONTEST AND THE HORSE!



THE HUMILIATION OF DEFEAT AND THE UNEXPECTED LOSS OF THE HORSE ENRAGE SNAKE CARLSON. WHIPPING OUT A VICIOUS KNIFE, HE LUNGES AT PAUL.



INDIAN-TRAINED IN COMBAT, PAUL IS NO STRANGER TO KNIFE FIGHTING. A SUDDEN FEINT, A FLASHING SWING OF HIS RIFLE, AND THE KNIFE SPINS HARMLESSLY ASIDE!



A HARD FIST CONNECTS SOLIDLY! SNAKE CARLSON DROPS, STUNNED!



JUBILANTLY, THE OLD MOUNTAIN MAN SHOUTS, "WAUGH! THAT'S MY PARDNER! LOOK OUT, YOU BUFFALO AN' GRIZZLY BARS! WE'RE AHEADIN' WEST!"



AS PAUL LEADS HIS PRIZE AWAY, PAUTE EXCLAIMS, "THAT'S A REAL PIECE OF HORSEFLESH! WE'LL HAVE OUR TROUBLES TAKIN' THE KINKS OUTA HIM, BUT YOU'LL BE THE BEST MOUNTED MAN WEST O' CALIFORNY! BY THE WAY, SON, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

The Sheriff's Chair



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A cloud billowed up from the powder dust that blanketed the sun-baked trail west of Wagon Junction. Riders moving fast in such heat could only mean trouble.

The scarred old wooden chair groaned as the sheriff tilted his two hundred and seventy-five pounds back in it.

This chair, placed outside his office, was Sheriff Wallet's favorite station. From it he could command a view of the entire Main Street with a minimum of effort. It was a rare sight to see the old chair without the sheriff's bulk in it.

Two riders poured up to where the big man sat. Faces caked with a mixture of dust and perspiration, they reined up and dismounted in one smooth motion.

"Better get off that chair . . . if you're not glued to it, sheriff!" barked Tim Horton. "The stage has been held up again!"

"This is the third time our cattle money has been stolen . . . and you sit in that chair like you've been planted there!" Jack White stamped the dust off his boots in anger.

"Now boys," Sheriff Wallet soothed them, "I don't need to be chasing around in the hills after bandits; I'm sitting here thinking up a way to catch them."

"We're starting to think that if we had a sheriff who did more riding and less thinking, those holdup men might be in jail now," Horton retorted.

"What have you been thinking?" demanded Jack White. "Do you have a plan?"

"I have a plan all right," Sheriff Wallet assured them.

"Tell us what it is! What can we do to help you with it?" they asked.

"Just sit down and relax."

"Relax? With the robbers getting further away every minute?" White shouted.

"I don't figure they are getting further away," drawled the sheriff, "I figure they are getting closer."

"What makes you think that?" demanded

Horton, giving Wallet a severe look.

"The stage gets held up only when it's carrying cattle money. That means that someone here in town must be in on the planning." The sheriff shifted a little.

"Might be a good theory," admitted White, "but how do we catch them?"

"My wife was dyeing a dress last week," said the sheriff, "I picked up a pinch of the powder she was using, look!" he held up thumb and forefinger to show they bore a deep green stain, "that stuff just won't wash off."

"What does that have to do with . . ." Horton didn't finish the sentence. Two loud bangs filled the air.

"That came from the back of the pool hall! Go over there and bring back anybody who looks green!" ordered the sheriff.

Horton and White ran to the pool hall. In a few minutes they came out, their guns trained on two sorry-looking hombres whose hair and faces were as green as a stand of alfalfa.

"They didn't put up a fight," Horton told the sheriff, "they were too busy trying to figure out what made them turn green!"

"They had the cash box all right," White reported, "but there was no money in it."

"The money is safe," explained the sheriff, "I put it in a paper sack and hid it under the driver's seat on the stage."

"But what happened to them?" Horton pointed to the bandits with his six-shooter.

"Simple!" said Sheriff Wallet, "I just filled the cash box with green dye and set two detonator caps to go off when it was opened. The noise told us where they were, and now the dye tells us who they are!"

The old chair creaked as the sheriff leaned back with a contented sigh. "Lock 'em for me, will you boys? I'm just getting comfortable in this chair . . . and tell them not to worry about the dye. My wife says it will wear off in two or three months."

Rin Tin Tin

OPEN SEASON

TALLY-HO! PIP, PIP, AND ALL THAT! AND NOW, MY GOOD DOGGIE, LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF A HUNTER YOU ARE!

BEFORE DEPARTING FOR ENGLAND, LORD BURLEIGH, A VISITOR AT FORT APACHE, PREVAILS UPON RIP AND RUSTY TO LET RINTY GO HUNTING WITH HIM...

YARK!

I MUST SAY, THOUGH — I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE LIEUTENANT NOT HAVING A *REAL* HUNTING DOG ABOUT THE PLACE!

WELL — DON'T JUST STAND THERE LOOKING AT ME, CONFOUND IT! *DO* SOMETHING!

WUF?

FIND US SOME PHEASANT OR SOME GROUSE! FIND US SOME GAME FOR OUR LARDER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YARK!

WAIT! NOT SO FAST! SLOW DOWN! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE — A BLOOMING *GAZELLE*?

BUT BEFORE LONG, THE HUNTER'S PATIENCE GIVES OUT, MUCH TO RINTY'S PUZZLEMENT...

NO! NO! NO! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WHEN I SAY **GAME**, I DON'T MEAN LIZARDS, OR SQUIRRELS, OR GILA MONSTERS! I MEAN **BIRDS**! FIND ME SOME BIRDS!



AND WHEN YOU FIND ONE — **POINT!** LIKE **THIS!**

WUF?



YAP?

WHAT? DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE FOUND ONE? ALREADY?



THOSE ARE **BUZZARDS!**



LOOK! I MEAN LITTLE BIRDS! BIRDS THAT NEST ON THE GROUND! NO BIGGER THAN THIS!



NOW WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? AFTER SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS AMERICAN **UPLAND GAME BIRDS?**



SUDDENLY...

GOOD BOY! FREEZE! DON'T
MAKE A MOVE! I'M
COMING!



YNNNNH!
YNNNNH!

OH, NO!
FLEDGLINGS!



PEEP!
PEEP!

**BUT OVERHEAD, THE MOTHER BIRD SEES
THE INTRUDERS...**



**AND SHE DIVES
IN ATTACK...**



YIP!
YIP!

EEEE - GAD!
RUN FOR IT! IT'S A
CONDOR!







A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our credo and constant goal.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

WHAT'S YOUR SAFETY I.Q.?

1. A bike should be "walked" across busy streets.

- ☐ True
☐ False



2. It is safe to ride another person on your bike for short distances.

- ☐ True
☐ False



3. Bundles should be held in one hand when carried on a bike.

- ☐ True
☐ False



4. The street is a dangerous place to practice bike stunts.

- ☐ True
☐ False



Factual safety material used in this advertisement provided by the NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

Right or wrong? Some of the bike riders shown are both safe and smart. Others are asking for trouble. Look at the pictures and mark them either as "True" or "False". Check your answers with those printed below.

In *any* bike riding situation it's just good safety-sense to have good tires—and to check them regularly. Don't forget . . . your brakes stop your wheels, but only your *tires* can stop your *bike*! When you buy your next bike tires, remember this, for tops in *safety* as well as easy pedaling, your best buy is U.S. Royal.



U.S. ROYAL

BIKE TIRES

Safety • Speed • Service
get 'em at your nearby
U. S. Royal Dealer's

Get this Safety Rider's Do-It-Yourself Belt Kit

Be proud of being safe and courteous—this beautiful 1" wide belt identifies you as a safety rider. Your belt will be the only one like it because you tool and decorated it yourself. Belt Kit includes: 8 oz. set, 12 colored reflector jawels, complete instruction and stencil sheet—full \$2.50 value . . . yours for only \$1.00! Mail the coupon, \$1.00 enclosed, today! Offer expires on December 31, 1957.

United States Rubber Company
Safety Rider's Do-It-Yourself Belt Kit, Dept. D-1
Box 791, Fort Worth, Texas

My \$1.00 is enclosed. Please rush me my Safety Rider's Do-It-Yourself Belt Kit

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



United States Rubber

Cycle Tire Department
549 East Georgia Street • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

ANSWERS: 1. True. 2. False. 3. False, bundles should be placed in a carrier. 4. True.

JUICY FRUIT GUM *Safety Quiz*

See if you can tell
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "six-star safety expert".



Chew swell-tasting JUICY FRUIT GUM after every meal! Tell Mom how the good, natural chewing helps keep your teeth clean. Ask her to get a few packages so you can always have a pack handy.

ANSWERS: Boy crossing against light • Boys riding double on bike • Boy hitching ride on back of truck • Girl jaywalking • Boy chasing ball into street • Girl waiting off curb for light to change.

COMES IN
2 COLORS

YOUR NAME
IN 2 LINES

GLOW-IN-THE
DARK LETTERS

ALL METAL
NAME PLATE

RAISED LETTERS
LIKE AUTO
LICENSE

3 INCHES
HIGH

ELDEN
PRIESTLY

6 INCHES LONG

\$1.00
VALUE

Cracker Jack® offers You this
GLOW-IN-THE-DARK Name Plate-
with **YOUR NAME** on it, for 2 TOY Wrappers and 25¢



GET YOUR NAME PLATES FOR
BIKE—WAGON—CAR—LOCKER

LOOK! Here's just what you want for your bike—a metal plate with your first and last name stamped on it in raised, glow-in-the-dark letters. Comes in two colors like an auto license plate. Put it on your bike—wagon—family car—locker—bedroom door—any place you want your name.



Get **NEW**
CRACKER JACK
in **FOIL** wrapped box
LOTS of PEANUTS

CRACKER JACK is a tasty combination of candied popcorn with **LOTS** of candied peanuts. The more you eat . . . the more you want.

TOYS for YOU in CRACKER JACK

In every package of CRACKER JACK is a wrapper containing a SurPRIZE Toy. Because you get a different toy most every time, it's fun to collect them. Start your toy collection, now!

**ANY TIME YOU WANT A SNACK
NOTHING'S BETTER THAN**

Cracker Jack®

**HURRY! SEND FOR YOUR METAL
NAME PLATE AT ONCE**

You can have your name, or any other 2 names, on your name plate. Just PRINT the two names wanted on your plate, in the coupon below. Each line can have 10 letters—no more. To get a name plate, send 25¢ in coin and two wrappers that hold the toys you find in CRACKER JACK. Offer expires June 30, 1958. Use coupon below.

PERSONAL NAME PLATE COUPON

CRACKER JACK, P.O. BOX 7167, CHICAGO 80, ILL.

Enclosed are 2 CRACKER JACK toy wrappers and 25¢ in coin for Metal Name Plate. Put these 2 names on my plate.

FIRST LINE (Print) _____

SECOND LINE (Print) _____

SEND TO (Name) _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

(Offer limited to U.S.A. and non-patented)